EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

MR. JUSTICE BRENNAN: Daniel Berman

THE Nation

OCTOBER 13, 1956

20c

APATHY AND THE ELECTIONS

Park Avenue to Main Street

by Dan Wakefield and Eric Josephson

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

The Broadway Columnists

Sullivan, Winchell, Mortimer, Lyons, etc.

by David Cort

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LETTERS

Search for Peace

Dear Sirs: William H. Davis has certainly put in a global context his comments in your issue of September 15 on the American Friends Service Committee's pamphlet, *Speak Truth to Power*. In that respect at least he agrees with the authors of the statement that until those who seek disarmament and the settlement of international disputes by negotiation become conscious of a new and unprecedented step in the movement of world events, they cannot properly assess either the nature of our current disease or its treatment. Mr. Davis's conclusion that modern war cannot do other than intensify the world's conflicts is clear and extremely well stated. His thesis that this new step in world development is comparable to Stage 1, the creation of the world; Stage 2, the advent of Jesus Christ, and Stage 3, the arresting development of science in nuclear energy which has carried the acquisition of power completely beyond the scope of man and thus ushered in a new era—is an exciting conception. Certainly Mr. Davis is right in saying that only the development of the power to negotiate, to reason and to understand, has any validity in the settlement of disputes.

The article deserves careful reading, and I would only suggest that perhaps the one element not emphasized as much as seems to me essential, if reason is to replace violence and passion, is compassion and a new sense of the importance of sharing the good things of life. Mr. Davis has put your readers deeply in his debt for this most thoughtful statement.

CLARENCE E. PICKETT
Executive Secretary Emeritus
American Friends Service Committee
Philadelphia, Pa.

Campus Press

[*The writer of the following is former editor of the Stanford* Daily.]

Dear Sirs: Roger Keith's article on the campus press in your September 29 issue is the second piece appearing in *The Nation* within the last year which puts the spotlight on a common, but virtually unknown, problem in American colleges and universities today. Like an earlier *Nation* article [issue of March 24] by Willie Morris, which brilliantly presented the problem of faculty and administration censorship at the University of Texas, Keith's story tells something of which the public-at-large is unaware and of which many student administrators, students and, unfortunately, student editors have an appalling ignorance.

I wish I could share Keith's optimism, as moderate as it may be. From my observations the campus press, with a few striking exceptions, is continuing in its "support-the-team" rut, perhaps becoming even more inane than ever. Almost every college newspaper would appear to even the most untrained outsider as nothing more than a bulletin board. In the past, there has always been the ever-present danger of faculty and administrative control to see that whatever goes into the campus newspaper "is in the best interests of the institution;" now, with false "peace and prosperity" and mass conformity and allied conservatism sweeping all our institutions, the danger of control is coming from still another corner—from the students themselves.

With newspaper costs increasing, outside backing for a college newspaper is now a virtual necessity, and it usually comes from the student-body organization. But with this financing comes control. Student body presidents and their assistants think of the newspaper as their organ, a publicity vehicle in which to advertise (without cost) the usual social fare of the collegian. The college papers do this in most cases. The student leaders cannot see beyond their own backyards—and neither can the student editors. In most cases it's common to include the student editor in the student government hierarchy, in many cases he is not a student journalist, merely a student politician. He edits his paper with this in mind and the result is the spineless, seemingly blind-to-the-outside-world college newspapers so prevalent today.

My own experiences as editor of the Stanford University daily paper are perhaps indicative of the state of the college press. When I took over my position I followed in the footsteps of editors who felt the paper not mature enough to comment on anything other than campus issues, and even when that comment was given it was on the offical side, in agreement with what the student government leaders had decided under the heavy but very subtly placed hand of the university administration. My predecessors rarely ran editorials. In short, we were not a leader, merely a follower. I changed this, and needless to say, I was damned (and still am) for upsetting the status quo, for "daring" to comment on national and international affairs, and for taking pot shots at the student administration (whom I should support—that being my job, they explained).

The problem will not be resolved by journalism departments. At least at Stanford the journalism instructors are concerned only with craftsmanship—they think only of the campus newspaper as a device for journalistic exercise—a plaything. And that's what most administrators, students and editors feel. That's the real problem, and one few recognize.

RICHARD MEISTER
Los Angeles, California

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1956
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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Editorials

The Campaign at Midpoint

At the half-way mark here are a few random impressions of an odd Presidential campaign:

Dullness. The Presidential nominees have had sensible things to say on many important questions but since the record of the two parties is not clear-cut, the discussion of issues lacks bite and meaning.

Triumph of the Trivial. Every Presidential campaign is burdened with trivia but seldom has greater weight been given to more trivial matters than in this one. In view of the President's illnesses and his age it is not surprising, as Samuel Lubell reports, that the health issue may reduce his share of the vote by two per cent below the 55 per cent he received in 1952. But what is one to make of Mr. Lubell's finding that, at the grass-roots, the circumstance that Mr. Stevenson is divorced —or is it that he has not remarried?—looms large as an issue? In Milwaukee, a clubwoman inquires with extravagant concern: "But who will be the hostess in the White House to take the place of our very gracious Mamie?" The lack of clear-cut issues, in the partisan sense, doubtless accounts for the excessive weight being given to personal considerations such as Mr. Stevenson's "Eastern" manner, the warmth of the President's smile, the relative campaign techniques of Vice President Nixon and Senator Kefauver and the attentiveness which the President shows to Mrs. Eisenhower in public appearances.

Minor Causes: Well-Kept Secrets. One senses that there are important factors in this year's election that do not find reflection in the polls, the editorials or the speeches. "People will be voting this fall," reports Doris Fleeson, "according to some wave of feeling of their own affected possibly by relatively minor causes, but triggered by a reason that is still their secret." Here is another consequence of the lack of clear-cut partisan presentations.

Apathy. With the sharp issues—civil rights is one—being avoided to a degree by both parties, it is not surprising that there should be a large measure of apathy in the campaign to date. The problem cuts deep; many complex and closely related factors are involved (see pp. 300-305 this issue). But apart from underlying causes, apathy is being furthered this year by a number of special considerations. For one thing, many voters apparently feel that both parties came up with their best nominees for the Presidency and are less concerned with the outcome than they might be if the alternatives were less satisfying. Then, too, the candidates have been on their good behavior; the press has been cautious; and there has been little noise, controversy or defamation. Nowadays controversy is considered bad form. The nearest thing to a debate that television or radio will tolerate is the meet-the-press routine in which it is rare, indeed, to have two sharply conflicting points of view presented at the same time. For television both parties show a clear preference for "captive" live audiences and this, too, makes for dullness. Viewers naturally dislike undramatic "saturation" political telecasts that interfere with regularly scheduled programs.

Shortening Odds. At mid-point the odds in favor of President Eisenhower—not merely the betting odds but the calculated odds—have shortened perceptibly, a development which may stimulate more popular interest and a livelier campaign in the second, and concluding phase.

An Egghead Triumphs

Dr. Eric Eustace Williams has carried his Peoples National Movement to a stunning electoral victory in Trinidad. The party has captured thirteen of twenty-four elective seats in the General Legislative Council and Dr. Williams has been asked to form a new government. As a measure of Dr. Williams' triumph, it should be noted that he got the new party rolling from scratch nine months ago.

Dr. Williams is a graduate of Queen's Royal College and Oxford and, for a time, was professor of history at Howard University. He is the author of a minor classic in the field of race relations — *Capitalism & Slavery* (1944) — which hammers home the thesis, "Slavery was not born of racism, racism was the consequence of slavery." He is a short and slender person, youthful in appearance (he is forty-six), extremely soft-spoken and partly deaf. His manner is very much that of an Oxford don. During the campaign he went about giving talks that were more in the nature of

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formal lectures than stump speeches. In scholarly fashion — often reading his lectures — he gave his audiences a detailed exposition of Trinidad's history and present status, its place in the Caribbean regional economy and the region's role in the economy of the Western Hemisphere; in short he gave them a good summary course in the facts of political life. From the ouset he drew capacity audiences.

Here, then, was an egghead of eggheads, speaking to voters who were even less familiar than those addressed by Mr. Stevenson with the words, references and allusions of intellectuals. Yet Dr. Williams succeeded brilliantly in communicating with Trinidad's voters. It's hard to believe that the level of political discussion here is as low as the comparison suggests. Apparently if the candidate is close enough to the people, if he senses their deepest aspirations, and if what he says makes sense in terms of their real needs, even a scholar's vocabulary and an Oxford manner are not serious handicaps in modern politics.

The Sad Lot of the Extremists

Great unhappiness prevails in the camps of the extremists, Left and Right, over this year's Presidential campaign and the election generally. No hope is seen; no salvage is possible; no choice is available. The right-wing extremists are particularly wretched. Toward President Eisenhower they exhibit a much greater hostility than toward Adlai Stevenson; they scorn Mr. Stevenson, they despise the President. The groups that vainly sought to qualify Vivien Kellems in Connecticut's Senatorial race, that are now circulating MacArthur-for-Senator petitions in New York, and that have succeeded in setting up committees for the Presidential ticket of T. Coleman Andrews and Thomas H. Werdel in thirteen states, exhibit a spitting, snarling animosity toward the President that is as easy to understand as it is ugly to contemplate. Right-wing extremists are naturally furious at the prospect of having to choose between Attorney General Jacob Javits and Mayor Robert F. Wagner in New York's Senatorial race. In Wisconsin, the same elements must find Senator Alexander Wiley even more objectionable than the Democratic nominee. On the Left, the Communist Party, while voicing a special dislike for Vice President Nixon as "a sinister figure" whose re-election might revive McCarthyism, has decided not to endorse a Presidential candidate. Here, too, the decision is understandable. The Communists could never bring themselves to endorse—but what fine mischief it would have provoked!—say, the nominee of the Socialist Party or the Socialist Workers Party or the Socialist Labor Party.

In both cases—Right and Left—the frustration stems from an apocalyptic view of politics. Extremists, of this variety, have no confidence in the future; only some desperate immediate action will stop the drift to socialism or fascism or some other ism. Those who feel that the citizen's duty is generally best served by making a selection rather than by registering a protest may feel unhappy over some of the options that confront them this year. But theirs is a happy lot indeed by comparison with the extremists who feel that this year's choice will determine whether the future belongs to them or their enemies.

The Choice Before Us

In next week's *Nation,* four noted journalists tell how they are going to vote in November — and give their reasons:

PALMER HOYT, publisher of the *Denver Post,* will tell why he is going to vote for Eisenhower.

WILLIAM EVJUE, publisher of the *Madison Capital-Times,* will tell why he is voting for Stevenson.

LEO HUBERMAN, editor of the *Monthly Review,* will explain why he is supporting a minority party candidate.

W. E. B. DU BOIS, distinguished Negro leader, will explain why he is staying away from the polls.

Next Week in *The Nation*

Mr. Justice Brennan . . .

. . by Daniel Berman

THE FIRST reaction of many to President Eisenhower's appointment of William J. Brennan to the Supreme Court is relief that he has not inflicted John Foster Dulles, Herbert Brownell or Thomas E. Dewey on us for life. In nominating Mr. Justice Brennan for the New Jersey Supreme Court, the President continues to put into practice his declared belief that Associate Justices should have judicial experience. The selection of Justice Brennan has won the enthusiastic approval of people as far apart as New Jersey Governor Robert Meyner, who is a Democrat and a liberal, and *New York Times* columnist Arthur Krock, who has not yet reconciled himself to the Supreme Court's school-segregation decision. The unanimity attests to the paucity of knowledge about the new Justice. Even when a Supreme Court appointee has been in the public eye, it is hazardous to predict on the basis of his past record what he will do on the nation's highest bench. With Mr. Justice Brennan, the difficulties are compounded. Only his New Jersey court opinions offer any solid clues to his political philosophy.

During his almost five years on the state supreme court, Brennan

DANIEL M. BERMAN, a student of Supreme Court affairs, is now at work on a full-length study of Justice Hugo Black's political philosophy.

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wrote about one thousand pages of opinions and dissents. Although few of these cases involved problems of constitutional law, some of them throw considerable light on the new Justice's ideas.

In a 1952 case, for example, Brennan had to deal with the privilege against self-incrimination. His opinion did not display unbridled enthusiasm for the Fifth Amendment; he expressed the belief that it serves to limit only the federal government. He seemed to have no sympathy with Justice Black's theory that the Fourteenth Amendment makes the entire Bill of Rights apply to the states.

The Justice did have words of praise for the self-incrimination privilege, but they were merely disarming introductions to rulings that cut the heart out of it: The privilege protects answers which might represent "any link in the chain which is necessary to convict," *but* "it will not do . . . to permit a witness to escape his obligations to provide his testimony for the state upon extremely remote and speculative possibilities of danger." We should interpret the privilege liberally "in light of its wholesome service to the cause of personal freedom," *but* not without regard to the public interest. In this opinion, Brennan sounds like no one so much as Julia, who, according to Lord Byron, "whispering 'I will ne'er consent,' consented."

AND Brennan consented to a great deal. He declared that, if a witness is immune from prosecution because the statute of limitations has run out, he cannot take advantage of New Jersey's self-incrimination privilege. And he denied that a judge must accept a witness' assurance that an answer might tend to incriminate him. Brennan said that the judge must decide for himself whether the privilege is properly invoked, but he did not make clear how the court can make this determination without eliciting the very information in question.

The case in which Brennan thus limited New Jersey's already narrow "little Fifth Amendment" involved public officials accused of shielding gamblers. Whether the Justice will be equally harsh with the politically heterodox—for whose protection the self-incrimination concept was originally evolved—remains to be seen.

The several loyalty cases that have arisen in the New Jersey court do not give a comprehensive picture of Brennan's views. In one dispute he refused to void a provision of the 1954 Communist Control Act. But in the case of James Kutcher, the legless Trotzkyite veteran, he refused to permit the eviction of Kutcher's family from a public-housing project simply because his father would not certify that no member of the household belonged to any organization on the Attorney General's "naughty, naughty" list of alleged subversives.

IN ADDITION to controversies involving political dissent, many cases reaching the U. S. Supreme Court concern charges that brutal police officers or overzealous prosecutors have deprived defendants in criminal trials of their constitutional rights. Brennan says that he considers the constitution's fair-trial guarantee a vital safeguard of democracy. "Once that barrier to state tyranny is breached," he has warned, "all individual liberties are at hazard."

Brennan's own court record in this area, however, is mixed. Although usually he does seem intent on rooting out instances of unscrupulous police work, he cast the deciding vote a few years ago for an opinion that should have remained unwritten. At issue was the legality of a murder trial in which jurors were given a booklet of instructions ("Compliments of the Sheriff") containing, among other things, prejudicial definitions of concepts vital to the defendant. Brennan voted to sustain the conviction. A dissenting Justice pointed out that "a greater trespass upon the primary rights of prisoners is difficult to conceive."

Drawing by Berger

Mr. Justice Brennan

BUT IT WAS Brennan's turn to dissent when the court deprived an accused murderer of the right to inspect his own "confession." The Justice's indignation was palpable as he described the circumstances of the "confession": "The accused was without counsel, denied even the comfort of the presence of a friendly face, in 'conversations' in the small hours of the morning with a sizeable group of police officers . . . ," and the document was not even of his own composition. Brennan continued:

> Under these circumstances the State could and did, at its leisure and without hindrance or interruption, since none was there in the interest of the accused, persist until there was drained from him everything necessary to support the charge against him . . . That the State prizes the result for that reason is manifest from the tenacity with which defense counsels' effort to see it is resisted.

Brennan was not on the state supreme court when the death-sentence convictions of the "Trenton Six" were thrown out. This 1949 action resulted in a new trial in which four of the six Negroes were acquitted.

However, when the cases of the remaining two came up for review in 1952, Brennan was on the court, and he subscribed to a unanimous opinion reversing the convictions on the ground that an unsigned transcript of a police interrogation had been admitted into evidence.

The new Justice is a Roman Catholic—the first to serve on the Court since Frank Murphy. On the New Jersey tribunal, he proved as rigorous as his co-religionist was in

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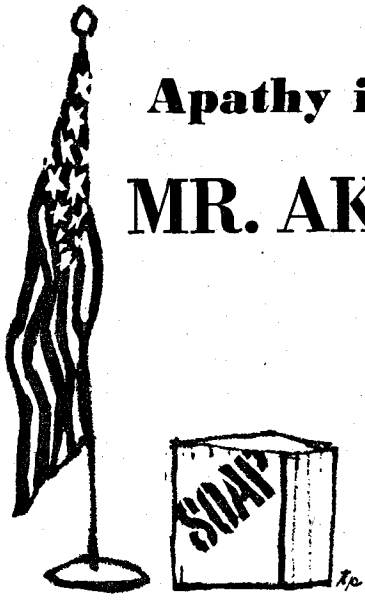
maintaining the constitutional barrier between church and state. He voted to prevent a public school from helping the Gideon Society to distribute its Bibles among children, and he would not interpret a "blue law" as providing for the punishment of people who worked on Sunday.

Brennan's father was an Irish immigrant who became a labor leader. But Brennan, Jr., worked for the "other side." Before becoming a judge, he was employed by Western Electric in Kearny as its legal expert in labor matters (his superior at Western Electric was James Mitchell, the present Secretary of Labor, who is known to have recommended Brennan's appointment to the President). In the army, one of his important assignments was to maintain good relations between unions and companies working on war contracts. As a judge, he has generally been lenient to workers claiming compensation for unemployment or injury, and in 1953 he denied that a state court could enjoin picketing in the face of Taft-Hartley's preemption of this field.

ONE interesting biographical fact: At Harvard Law School, Justice Brennan was a student of Professor Felix Frankfurter. The older Justice's *leitmotif* today is "judicial abstinence": the Court should not interfere with Congress even to protect civil liberties from repressions generated by the hysteria of the moment.

Justice Frankfurter often seems to exercise great influence on neophyte Justices who perhaps appreciate the ideological underpinning for their natural reluctance to assert their power too quickly. At a time when American liberalism stands to lose far more from legislative encroachment than from judicial self-assertion, the fact that Frankfurter may again try to establish a professor-student relationship with Brennan is somewhat disquieting.

But Governor Meyner has expressed the opinion that the new Justice's opinions "will not be quite as 'middle-of-the-road' as some Republicans seem to think." Brennan will take his Supreme Court seat on October 15 under an interim appointment. Should Adlai Stevenson win the Presidency, he would have no obligation to submit Brennan's name to the Senate. It is probable, however, that he would not choose to slight a Democrat—and such a universally respected one at that. Thus Mr. Justice Brennan, at fifty the youngest member of the Court, should have many years in which to make his influence felt on American law and life. He is the first state judge since Benjamin Cardozo to come to the Supreme Court. Not since Cardozo, also, has a Democrat been nominated by a Republican President. The record gives some reason to hope that, a few years from now, there may be other and more meaningful similarities between Mr. Justice Cardozo and Mr. Justice Brennan.



Apathy in the Elections

MR. AKERS VS. PARK AVE. . . Dan Wakefield

The Nation assigned staff contributor Dan Wakefield to cover the Tony Akers Congressional campaign in New York City in order to find out how the grass-roots technique works in the asphalt jungle. Quite independently, we assigned staff contributor Eric Josephson to do an article on the political apathy which has marked the general election campaign so far. The results fitted together so well that they are here presented as two facets of a single story. Mr. Josephson's article begins on page 303.

ANTHONY B. AKERS, Democratic candidate for Congress in Manhattan's Seventeenth ("Silk Stocking") District, is presently engaged in mowing his way through a grass-roots campaign up and down the asphalt jungles stretching from Park and Madison Avenues to Greenwich Village. The area is naked of general stores where natives loll around cracker-barrels and exchange homespun philosophies concerning the weather and politics, nor does it offer any of the usual settings associated with "grass-roots" campaigning. In the face of hostile doormen and hurrying apartment-dwellers, candidate Akers has had to create his own gimmick for getting to this particular public. He is stumping with cocktail parties.

Racing down Madison Avenue in a taxi with candidate Akers and his wife, Jane, and a visiting reporter, campaign manager Bill Vandenhueval checked the list of parties and meetings for the evening, folded the piece of paper back in his pocket and explained to the newcomer that with sixty cocktail parties behind them since striking out in July, they had just begun to fight.

"I imagine," he said, "We'll have at least sixty more cocktail parties before the election in November. And of course, other meetings and speeches."

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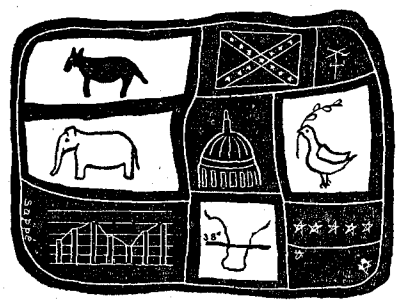
There once was a time, according to assorted reporters on the scene, including a foreign observer named Alexis de Tocqueville, when Americans would travel miles over muddy roads to hear political candidates air their views. It may be argued that this was a form of entertainment at a time when entertainment was where you found it, and is naturally not to be expected in a season when David Sarnoff tells us that the near future will not only bring life to us by a flick of the dial, but bring it to us in color. Eager voters may have ridden buckboard out of the prairie to hear Abe Lincoln, but that is the past, and a part of the present is Anthony Akers invading uniform-guarded apartment buildings with scotch and soda for any who will come.

But there is probably hope to be drawn from the fact that candidate Akers, all decked out in flesh and blood, drew enough votes in his face-to-face cocktail invasions of '54 to come near unseating an incumbent Republican whom no previous opponent had ever approached any closer than by 15,000 votes in this solidly Republican district. In a total vote cast of 100,000, Democrat Akers, a young (forty-one) liberal with a heroic World War II record, lost by only 314 votes to Representative Frederick R. Coudert, Jr., a solid member of the Republican Party's Neanderthal wing.

AKERS feels that a good part of his strength lies simply in the frighteningly backward voting record of his opponent. As he told one Liberal Party meeting, "It almost doesn't matter who I am, anyone would be better than Coudert."

The record speaks loudly for such an assertion, and shows that the current affection of Coudert for Eisenhower, advertised by a White House letter of endorsement and posters showing the President bestowing his magic smile on Coudert, is not altogether in keeping with the Congressman's voting record. He voted for the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act over a Presidential veto and has pursued a firmly isolationist stand on foreign policy — whenever he was there to take a stand. As Akers emphasizes to all his potential voters, Coudert has one of the worst attendance records in Congress, having been absent 42 per cent of the time.

But Coudert is trying hard to match his face with Eisenhower during the campaign, no matter how far his politics have been from matching those of the President. As the drowning Republicans did in Maine, Coudert is clutching valiantly at Eisenhower's coattails, and the Akers camp is hoping that the Maine



results of September will be paralleled in Manhattan's Seventeenth District. Their uphill fight against a man who has been elected by the area five consecutive times is made much steeper than in '54 now that Coudert is a part of the Ike slate. But it is brightened a bit by the handwriting on the wall in Maine. The last time the district went Democratic was 1934 — the last year that the state of Maine went Democratic.

If much of Akers' strength lies plainly in his opponent's weakness, much of it lies also in his personal-appearance appeals to the voters. As our taxi moved on through Manhattan, Akers explained that he had been out campaigning in the neighborhood streets that afternoon.

"I think it really helps," he said, "this walking around and shaking hands. Most of the people I talk to say they've never actually met a candidate for political office before. They really are pleased to meet a man who's running."

The people at the cocktail parties where Akers holds forth are pleased, too, but they are also uneasy. The man in the street who is met by the candidate can shake hands and go on his way. Brought face to face with a live politican in the same room, the citizen is apt to feel responsible for asking a question or making a comment above and beyond martini talk. It is excellent to leave the remote control media of propaganda and get to the "grass roots." But once there, the silence is frightening.

Campaign manager Vandenhueval, a bright young man of the proper flannel, led us into an apartment on East 70th Street, where neighbors had gathered to meet the candidate. The guests were still arriving, and most of the assembled had formed a quiet knot in the dining room, where a formidable bar was in operation. Tony Akers, a large and earnest looking man of six feet four inches and 215 pounds, moved into conversation with one of his campaigners, and the visiting reporter took a seat on the couch to watch the proceedings. Anxious to learn about the grass-rooters, he turned to the young lady next to him and learned that she was a Barnard graduate who had taken up the Akers cause in her own Park Avenue neighborhood and was canvassing by appointment, since the doormen wouldn't let her in to ring the bells. "It's pretty hard, you know; you waste much time. One appointment may take up your whole evening, by the time you set it up and then go there at the proper time and explain what it is you're doing."

THE LADY, nevertheless, was undaunted, and explained that she had become interested in the Akers campaign through reading of the backward policies pursued by Congressman Coudert. She was thoroughly informed about the whole situation, and the joy of finding such an enlightened grass-rooter was only slightly dimmed by learning that she'd been in the country only three years, having come to Barnard from London.

The crowd in the apartment was growing all the time, but few of them made their way to Tony Akers.

"The center of attraction," observed the young lady from London, "seems to be the bar instead of the candidate."

At one point Mr. Akers sat down

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beside a smiling, platinum lady who was all alone, and for a moment it looked as if the center of gravity might begin to shift as a woman with purple eyes perched on the arm of Mr. Akers' couch and began talking rapidly. But everyone else kept their distance and the purple-eyed lady flitted away as suddenly as she had come. Mr. Akers eventually excused himself from the lonely platinum and ambled slowly over—unapproached by the multitudes—to the couch where sat the reporter and the English girl. The English girl began to tell him how the canvassing was going, but campaign manager Vandenhueval was about to call the crowd to attention for a few words from the candidate.

The multitudes moved away from the bar and seated themselves in the dubonnet living room. For a few moments Vandenheuval huddled with Akers, and the only sound was the uneasy rattle of ice against glasses.

Vandenheuval made the introduction and Tony Akers stepped out and moved his lanky frame against the television set that bulked at the end of the room, partially blanking out its wide grey face. He briefly ran through the arguments that are stated in his campaign literature, emphasizing that *Time* magazine had reported his opponent "recklessly irresponsible" in calling for legislation that would have limited Defense Department powers during the Korean war. He explained the constitutional amendment proposed by Coudert in 1953 that would have changed the electoral rules to soften the power of minority groups and, according to an article introduced into the *Congressional Record* by Coudert, "insure the triumph of truly American tickets for many years to come."

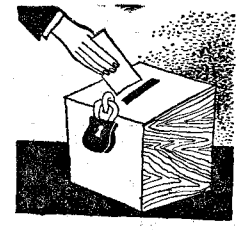
The listeners heard it all respectfully, gave a nice hand, and Vandenhueval stepped out again to announce that the party could resume, and Tony Akers would be available for anyone who had a question. The group moved up from the floor and returned to the bar, and many, to their coats. A lady came beaming up to tell Akers he would get her vote, even though her husband would still be going Republican. A young man —who also, it turned out, happened to be from England—asked the candidate what he thought about Nasser and the candidate thought that the Administration had given him too much rope. Out of the crowd of some fifty people, three others came up to offer some question or comment.

In the outer edges, a young man taunted a female Akers campaigner with "I Like Ike." Another fellow laughed rather nervously to a friend and said "My Lord, I feel ridiculous. I can't think of anything to ask."

There was only the rattle of ice against glass again. For all practical purposes the party had broken up with the announcement that Mr. Akers would be around for questions. Some ten minutes later he was off into the taxi and the night and the next event—a Democratic "slate" party of local candidates for state office. It would be a strictly Democratic gathering, which Akers accurately characterized as one of those affairs where you are talking to yourself because the attendants are already committed. But the cocktail party just ended was mainly made up of traditional Republicans, who, one might assume, would be eager to question the young Democratic challenger. The man was there before them and they wondered what to say.

PERHAPS it is too much to demand dialogue. But if there is none at these gatherings there will be none in the whole campaign, for the two opponents are not scheduled to meet each other in any discussion. Akers and his men say they've offered to sit at the table with Coudert and make with debate. They say they have accepted invitations for such an event from several organizations, only to be called back at a later date and informed that Coudert was unable to make it. The only time the opponents will appear together will be in mid-October before the Foreign Affairs Association. At that time each man will state his piece, but there will be no following debate. Coudert has told them that he only has a half an hour to spare for the occasion, which just leaves room for exposition. Each man will make his monologue, as is the growing custom, and the old-fashioned habit of open debate will be left, here as elsewhere, to the safer realm of history books.

In this particular race the voters at least have a clearcut choice between a liberal internationalist and a reactionary isolationist. In the races beyond it, the lines are befogged in a way that would be



helpfully cleared by a real verbal give-and-take between the candidates. Who's to say about Javits and Wagner? The people in the Seventeenth District of Manhattan seem mostly to be resorting to party label, since that is the only distinguishing difference.

"I decided," said one at the cocktail party, "that since I couldn't really see much difference I'd vote for Wagner because he was a Democrat and I'm a Democrat."

And beyond the New York Senate race, what a thing it would be to see Stevenson and Eisenhower taking to the stump together or even appearing a single time in the manner of Lincoln and Douglas. But this is really asking for the moon. And yet, is it really too much for the voter to ask of the men who are seeking his vote for the most important office in the country?

The value of debate between men of such opposing poles as Akers and Coudert would be enormous, too, and the voters not only deserve it but need it. Tended too long by remote control, the grass roots are drying in the land, and their vitality requires more than personal appearance. We have come so far from Tocqueville's America that even the sight of Akers on the street is a revelation to the Manhattan voter. Political debate is even more remote, and the most sophisticated district in the nation, exposed to a grass-roots campaign for Congress, is haunted by the sound of ice cubes rattling against empty glasses at a cocktail party.

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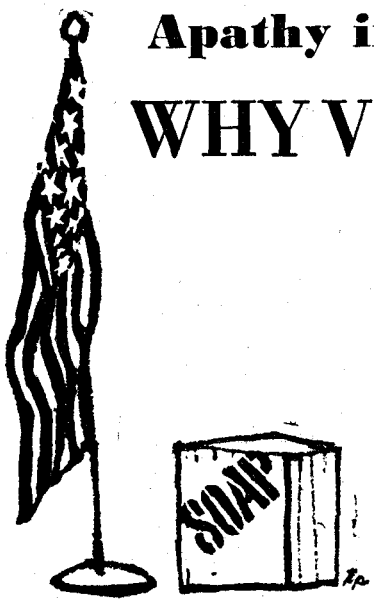
Apathy in the Elections

WHY VOTERS DON'T CARE

Eric Josephson



They try to make democracy almost a religion in the public schools and this hasn't worked out . . . This democracy business is not going over too well. (*From an interview with a nineteen-year-old girl.*)

THE CITIZENS of a democracy are expected to show interest in public affairs and exercise their sovereign right to participate in the decisions of government, but since the end of World War II the political apathy of Americans has become proverbial. Today, millions only exercise the right to say nothing and do nothing.

As the election draws near, what David Riesman called the "anti-apathy crusade" has been launched once again. Politicians, editorial writers, union officials and community leaders inveigh against public indifference and issue urgent appeals to citizens for "more participation" in the political process and greater interest in public issues. Philanthropic foundations and community organizations seek desperately for means to combat mass apathy. For example, the Ford Foundation is currently inviting magazine readers and radio listeners to "Express Your Opinion At a World Politics Group. . . . Examine national and world politics issues in lively rewarding discussions, based on provocative readings, and guided by expert leaders." This campaign against creeping political indifference, based on the premise that participation can be "sold," is itself a striking commentary on the political state of the nation. Presumably, the Presidential election will generate some excitement, but not for long. Despite the earnest pleading of candidates, some thirty-five million potential voters will stay home on November 6.

What breeds mass apathy? There is no scarcity of issues. This is an age of world revolution, when empires are tottering and new balances of political and economic power are being formed. In many ways the nations of the world are bound more closely to each other than ever before, whether as friend or as foe, and in the process domestic politics have become increasingly "internationalized." Politically and economically, the earth is shrinking. But numerous public-opinion polls reveal monumental ignorance of and indifference to international affairs.

IF FOREIGN affairs arouse little interest, what about purely domestic issues? In America at the present time, because of the greater power of government at all levels, politics intrudes more and more upon individual lives: it can be ignored but not escaped. Yet, as C. Wright Mills has observed, "The most decisive comment that can be made about the state of U. S. politics concerns the facts of widespread public indifference, which today overshadow in significance both those of loyalty and those of insurgency," and he adds that many Americans "are strangers to politics. They are not radical, not liberal, not conservative, not reactionary; they are inactionary; they are out of it." Such a bald statement must be qualified. For example, in the struggle over desegregation in the South, the boycotts organized by Negroes and the violence of white mobs signify intense involvement in public affairs, unequalled since the labor struggles of the 1930s.

Apart from this epic battle, however, the political scene in America is remarkably calm. A survey conducted by Samuel Stouffer in the summer of 1954, when McCarthyism was rampant and the U. S. Army was fighting for its reputation against the junior Senator from Wisconsin, showed that neither the Communist menace nor the threat to civil liberties were matters of great concern to the overwhelming majority of our citizens. When asked, "What kind of things do you worry about most?" less than 1 per cent of the national cross-section voluntarily mentioned subversive activities *or* the loss of civil liberties (probing by interviewers ultimately raised this figure to about 6 per cent). The widespread indifference to the fate of individual liberties—which appear as abstractions to many Americans—is reflected in the fact that the defense of these liberties has been waged by no more than a tiny handful of citizens. The enemies of civil liberties have been more numerous, but even they have been unable to win the active support of great masses.

WITH few exceptions, therefore, the apathy of most of our citizens toward national and international issues has remained undisturbed. A number of "crusaders" against mass indifference have concluded that if men and women are to learn how to play effective roles in the political process, they must first cope with problems of immediate local concern. The experiences of a union in St. Louis, Local 688 of the AFL-CIO Teamsters, are illustrative. Several years ago leaders of the local started an educational program to increase the political consciousness of rank-and-file members by helping them to do something about the problems faced by St. Louis. It was the expectation of Local 688's leadership that union members would be more interested in and more likely to act upon issues that were close to them and that their interest in national issues, such

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as labor legislation and the struggle for civil rights, would be aroused by successful experience in tackling more immediate problems. A poll of the membership showed that the local issue uppermost in their minds was the need to improve bus and streetcar service. Presumably, this was the issue on which they wanted to act. Shortly afterwards, a campaign was initiated on a city-wide scale to obtain improved bus and streetcar service; Local 688 organized a drive to collect signatures petitioning the city to establish a Metropolitan Transit Authority.

At the beginning, union members showed considerable enthusiasm for the project. But once the first objective was achieved—collecting the required number of signatures—rank-and-file interest dropped. In the end, the campaign was being waged almost entirely by the local's officials. The membership was now "out of it"; in the words of one union leader, the project had "fallen flat."

The case of Local 688 is particularly striking because the union's program of political education has been superior to most in the labor movement in recent years. If many individual citizens cannot sustain interest in the "reform" of streetcar service, how can they cope with far broader issues?

In large measure, mass apathy stems from the individual citizen's feeling of powerlessness. Two social psychologists, Ernst Kris and Nathan Leites, have observed: "Individuals in the mass societies of the twentieth century are to an ever increasing extent involved in public affairs; it becomes increasingly difficult to ignore them. But 'ordinary' individuals have ever less the feeling that they can *understand* or *influence* the very events upon which their life and happiness [are] known to depend." Many public issues are highly complex; to exercise citizenship intelligently, men and women must have an inkling of where their interests lie. If they find politics incomprehensible, they will be encouraged to depend on experts and leaders to interpret and decide for them.

Responsibility for political ignorance rests in part with a system of popular education which must struggle so hard to preserve minimum standards of literacy that "education for citizenship" has become dangerously superficial. As a result, new generations enter maturity with few of the intellectual tools which they need in order to play a meaningful role in the political community. In addition, official obsession with "security" has virtually sealed off some of the most important areas of discussion—especially questions pertaining to nuclear weapons and the development of atomic energy—by denying citizens access to sources of information. Political illiteracy frustrates the effective exercise of citizenship; the secrecy which covers many operations of government can only increase this frustration.

THE PHYSICAL dimensions of our society represent another inducement to widespread apathy. Lord Bryce remarked that the sheer size of the nation and its electorate tends to give the individual citizen a feeling of powerlessness and encourage him to submit to the weight of mass opinion. "In the fatalism of the multitude," he wrote, "there is neither legal nor moral compulsion; there is merely a loss of resisting power, a diminished sense of personal responsibility and of the duty to battle for one's own opinions." More important than the size of the mass, however, is the perfection of techniques of persuading it, of controlling its tastes and opinions. To an increasing extent, C. Wright Mills has suggested, Americans are at the receiving end of the system of mass media, with little opportunity or means to answer back.

In political terms, the significance of the mass media is both tactical and strategic. Advertising agencies and pollsters now play key roles in party campaigns: Republican Party spokesmen rendered a distinct service to students of politics when they spoke frankly of "merchandising" the Eisenhower program. But the media have a habit of imposing standards of taste and intelligence upon those who use them. The popular arts communicated by film, television and radio promote immaturity, not attitudes of responsible citizenship. In politics, there is a tendency to play down ideological differences—never very strong in the American two-party system—and play up the packaged "personalities" of candidates and leaders. Politics become more trivial in content, deteriorating into another form of "entertainment" which must compete with spectator sports, movies and quiz shows.

Perhaps most important among the causes of mass apathy is the evolving structure of political and economic power. America has been at or near war for a decade and a half, and in this period effective political power has passed more and more into the hands of military and corporate blocs. A partly militarized economy means a partly militarized society, and the "garrison state" requires political discipline and loyalty even at the price of widespread indifference. Non-conformist views must be everywhere suppressed—directly through the machinery of loyalty-security programs which exercise control over the political behavior of ten million Americans, or indirectly by means of well-organized campaigns against dissenters. Along with these negative sanctions are the enormous resources of the military bureaucracy and the corporations to mold opinion and influence behavior in desired directions. In this structure of power, the helplessness of the individual citizen is all too apparent.

Reviewing the evidence of citizen apathy—the failure of millions to vote, widespread ignorance of and indifference to important public issues—a number of social scientists have reached the conclusion that mass inertia has its virtues. "Political apathy in a democracy is a good thing," writes Morton Grodzins, who argues that the indifference of multitudes softens controversy among those who are interested in politics and thereby tends to stabilize our political system. The informed exercise of citizenship is highly desirable, Grodzins admits, but he claims that on a mass scale it is an ideal which can never be completely realized. According to this view, the apathy of our citizens is preferable to *coerced* participation on a wider scale, as under totalitarianism. Other

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sociologists argue that a democratic system of government *requires* a certain degree of non-participation; they question whether our democracy could work if all the people were deeply involved in politics.

This view is open to serious question. In the first place, it is highly misleading to point to the dangers of *total* participation in America when most of the "participating" is being done by a mere handful of citizens and when the real problem for democracy may be how to increase the size of this active minority by one per cent. It is likewise misleading to suggest that mass participation under dictatorships indicates an absence of apathy. There is sufficient evidence that political life under dictatorial regimes suffers from apathy too, for the use of terror and the monopoly of political power by small groups of party leaders breed a fatalistic attitude on the part of multitudes, however great their loyalty to the regime.

But most important of all, the theory that apathy is desirable or even essential to the survival of democracy encourages a complacent attitude toward the actual working of our political system. In a democracy, citizens have the right *not* to participate in the political process, and millions of Americans certainly exercise that right. Other millions, however, have the *will* to participate, but lack the *ability;* while concerned about important public issues, they are unable to translate their concern into effective action because they lack the necessary competence and the means to make themselves heard and felt. The two kinds of apathy, voluntary and involuntary, should not be confused. But in any case, widespread indifference serves only those who do have the power to make decisions and know how to use that power for specific ends. Somewhere there is a danger point below which democracy can no longer survive mass apathy.

At another extreme in this debate, Walter Lippmann has taken the position that democratic societies suffer from *too much* interference by the masses. There has been a "functional derangement of the relationship between the mass of the people

and the government," he writes in a recent work. "The people have acquired power which they are incapable of exercising, and the governments they elect have lost powers which they must recover if they are to govern." Lippmann considers the domination of government by mass opinion responsible for the "precipitate and catastrophic decline of Western society." To preserve democracy as he conceives it, Lippmann would limit the area of popular consent.

It is true that the multitudes cannot themselves administer the government, but far from interfering too much in the affairs of state, the masses of citizens are rarely consulted. Last winter, the Standard Oil Company of Indiana financed a lobbying campaign for a bill to liberate natural gas from Federal controls; in many cases telegraphed support for the bill, allegedly from Senatorial constituents, was sent by the company's agents without the consent or even the knowledge of these citizens. Does this represent too much "intervention" by the mass of the people?

The crisis of democracy has never stemmed from too much participation, but from too little. It is the height of irony to suggest that more power be taken away from the people in an age when political power is dominated by corporate and military blocs, when tastes and opinions are manipulated, and when the individual has become powerless in a mass society. Rather, ways must yet be found to restore power where it rightfully belongs, to provide citizens with the necessary skills to take part in the political processes, to liberate the means of communication and sources of information, to enlarge areas of debate— in short, we must ensure that the consent of the governed is reasoned and freely given, not ill-informed and apathetic. Appeals to a sense of duty and calls for "more participation" will not suffice.

"I know of no safe depository of the ultimate powers of the society but the people themselves," Jefferson wrote, "and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education."

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THE GOSSIP COLUMNISTS

Sullivan, Winchell, Lyons, etc. . . by DAVID CORT

EVERY PERIOD wants intensely to know about its most interesting people, but all too often does not know who they are. Molière, for example, made the revolutionary discovery that in his time the ambitious bourgeoisie was far more interesting than the nobility; later and duller writers discovered the proletariat and peasantry; others have rediscovered miscellaneous aristocracies of wealth, power, sensibility or mere decadence. Fortunes are made and lost in the search for the people who are, simply, interesting.

The syndicated gossip columnists of the current American press have this same old problem. Their solutions are the matter of this survey.

It is only fair to point out that Molière and Proust were not bound by some of the limitations imposed on the gossip columnist. A daily column of gossip is impossible for one human being to produce; but it is easy to compose it from the mail. Thus the columnist, by and large, must accept a cast of characters given him by companies and restaurants who hire press agents. Because most columns originate in New York City, the restaurants will be New York restaurants (or Miami Beach or Las Vegas). Secondly, the characters named must be pre-sold or known at least by name to some fifty million people.

Who are these characters? Without wishing to put into this subject any more scholarship than it can safely stand, I have compiled categories of items for seven columnists, using three columns for each in the waning summer of 1956. If anyone is dissatisfied with the exhaustiveness of this monumental public service, I can only plead that it marks the absolute limit of my industry. The conclusions are presented on this page in tabular form. This table will blaze the trail for later and more conscientious workers in this overgrown field.

The table holds bad news for the intellectually somnolent. It cannot be read in one fast glance; the revelations embedded are too ramified even for full exploration here. Offhand, it would seem that movie, theatre and night-club characters are the most fascinating people in America today. If true, this is a sorry indictment.

Actually, the high scores for this group derive from the columnists who work primarily from the mail: Sullivan and Kilgallen. These two do not stay up late much any more. Because they draw their main income from TV-radio, they rarely refer to their airwave competitors except sneeringly. Sullivan as a "performer" needs both show-business people and the press; his scores reflect the need. What he expects of society must have some simple explanation.

Winchell and Lyons obviously show the best balance, the most subtle and professional grasp of news interest; Sullivan is the most cursory, imbalanced and generally amateurish. Winchell doesn't need anybody now. He has an antique habit of helping obscure people in show business whenever he can.

Sylvester, Farrell and Lyons just get around. Sylvester seems to like the jive joints; Farrell is almost social in his wanderings; Lyons is almost literary, if one can count press agents and gag-writers in this profession (the former become the latter). These three represent a new type of columnist, indicating their editors' uncertainty about the old cast of gossip characters. They are essentially and ingratiatingly "guys on the make," minor characters in their own right. They tell true gossip, conceived as a small dramatic episode, joke or memoir, rather than a bare juxtaposition of a male and a female name.

From the best sources I have a list of the New York saloons currently frequented by these people. The information should interest anybody who wants to get mentioned; it should be priceless to anybody who doesn't.

Winchell: Lindy's (comedians, gagwriters); Reuben's (miscellaneous); El Morocco (society, models, wolves).

Mortimer: El Morocco.

	Walter Winchell	Lee Mortimer	Ed Sullivan	Leonard Lyons	Frank Farrell	Dorothy Kilgallen	Bob Sylvester	TOTALS
Movie personages	12	5	33	11	10	15	9	95
Theatre and night clubs	15	14	12	14	12	14	8	89
TV-radio personages	15	3	5	9	6	4	5	45
Society (including royalty)	1	5	15	8	3	6	....	38
Monaco	3	1	....	....	1	1	....	6
The Press	12	2	10	2	....	1	1	28
Athletes	4	4	6	5	1	4	2	26
Homosexuals	....	2	....	....	....	2	....	4
Law-enforcers	5	1	3	....	....	1	....	10
Restaurant Plugs	8	8	....	1	1	4	13	35
Slams at Democrats and Republican Plugs	6	6	....	....	1	1	....	14
Records and ASCAP	7	1	9	2	4	5	7	35
Models	1	1	....	....	1	....	2	5
Writers	3	3	1	4	....	3	....	14
Unidentified and Unknown	1	5	2	....	1	1	3	13

DAVID CORT, a staff contributor, describes himself as a former expert on the night-club rounds.

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Sullivan: Le Pavillon (the Windsor set).

Lyons: Toots Shor (journalists, athletes); Lindy's.

Farrell: Weylin Bar (café society); El Morocco.

Kilgallen: Stork Club (advertising).

Sylvester: Toots Shor, Fourth Estate (fourth estate).

Only one or two of the columnists overdrink; several can't drink liquor at all.

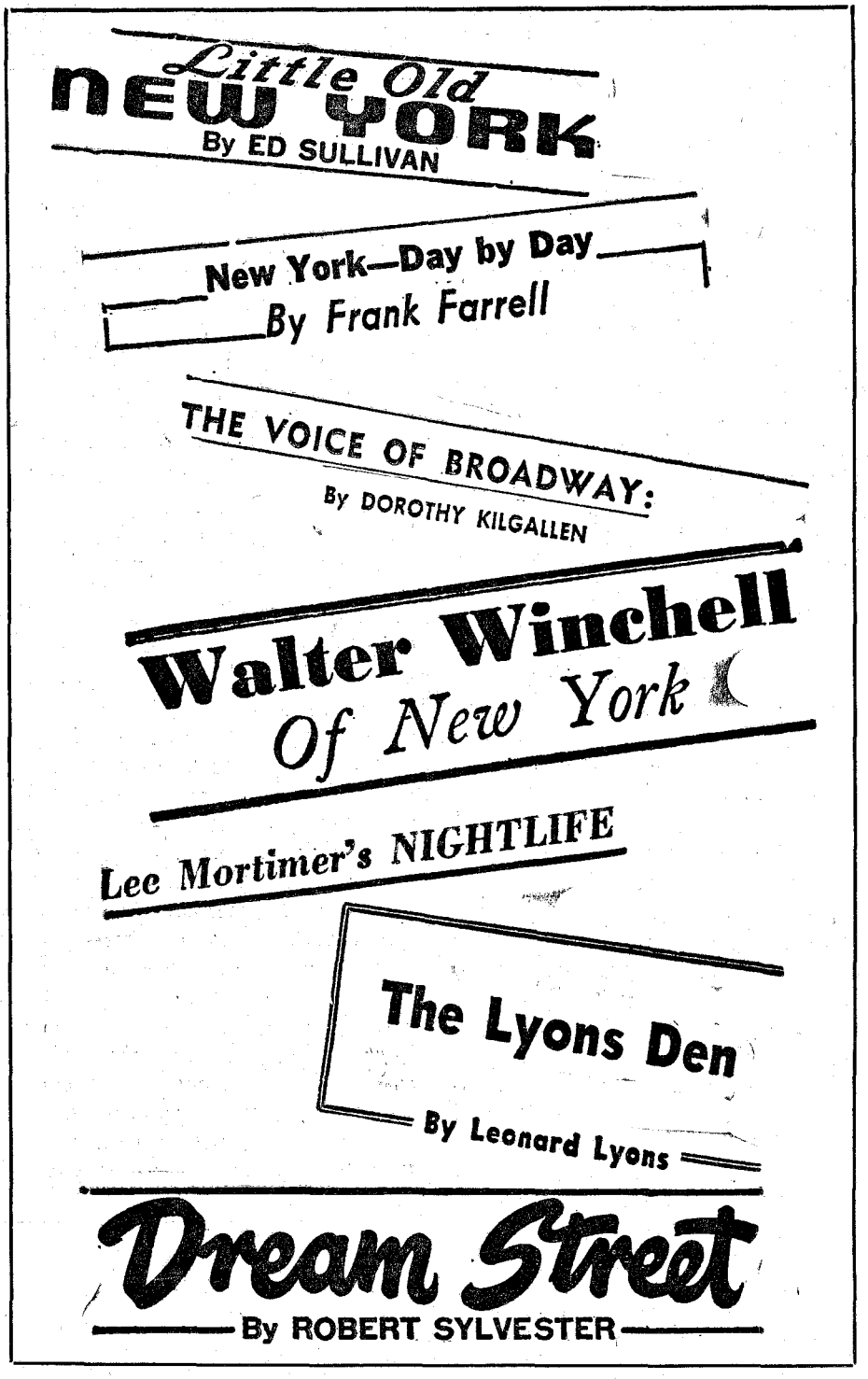
Before we proceed to the subjects of American gossip, let us finish off the columnists.

Kilgallen. Her frank malevolence was at its best in her reporting on the Monaco wedding when she drew attention to the line of Grace's thigh, Rainier's titter-making medals and Mrs. Kelly's "strutting" down the aisle of the Cathedral. Kilgallen resembles a silly girl practicing to turn into an old witch, a sort of fangless Louella Parsons. Enough.

Sullivan. His malevolence is almost buried from sight beneath an awesome dullness and ambition. His current series in *Collier's* opened with a panegyric to the modesty of "the truly great ones," among whom he numbered John Jacob Astor II, Winthrop Rockefeller, Jack Dempsey, and Eddie Arcaro. By great, Sullivan means useful to him.

On the other hand show business, which has a long memory, has not forgotten that Sullivan has not often helped struggling performers with a good word at the critical moment. On occasion, in his powerless days, he often did his best to destroy the powerless and vulnerable performer.

Sullivan has a sound political sense of how to prove out his power, corresponding to his knowledge of whom to fawn on. He also has a reliable trick of inventing a feud in his column with a performer whom he wants on disadvantageous terms on his TV show. He has carried on noteworthy feuds with Kate Smith, Joe E. Brown, Frank Sinatra, Joan Crawford and Gwen Verdon. Because the rest of the press fall for it, it usually works the way Sullivan planned it. The leverage he can apply to people in show business draws him magnetically as if he were



saying aloud, "How long has this been going on?"

The Sullivan face, a coconut with expression, has probably been more frequently insulted than any other in New York. In the old days Pegler, Broun, Frank Sullivan and Jim Moriarty could not stand him; yet he boasts in his *Collier's* series that the friend of all these, Mike Romanoff, regularly sponged off him. I haven't the time or money to disprove this, but I don't believe it. In the same paragraph, Sullivan puts Winthrop Rockefeller in El Morocco when the boy was at Loomis academy and Yale on a sharply limited allowance.

Sullivan's ignominious lust for power on the TV stage sets him apart from real show-business people, who when successful think themselves only lucky. As he levers and savagely defends his power, he is not above asking how he could just possibly parlay it, if things fell

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just so, into being President or Pope. His toadies have strange tales to tell of his ambition.

Negatively, the ambition comes clear in the story of the little TV repairman in upstate New York who made so bold as to paint on his shop front the name "Ed Sullivan TV." The little man's name was Ed Sullivan. The "great" Ed S. promptly sued the little Ed S.

Positively, the Sullivan afflatus can be read in his very recent public rumination on whether he, Sullivan, should forgive Ingrid Bergman for a seven-year-old adultery since regularized by marriage. Because Sullivan is not a priest, one must imagine that the thought gave him a titillation which he wanted to prolong and exploit.

Ingrid had flatly refused to appear on his show even before he invited his listeners to vote on forgiving her so far as to let her.

In case Jesus Christ's comment had not sufficiently covered the situation, a Catholic priest said:

> I have never heard anything quite like it. It was distasteful to make a public issue of something that actually is between a person and her God. It is not the prerogative of the public to absolve or condemn an individual's action. Is Sullivan the one to say there have been seven and a half years of penance? ... Miss Bergman's actions so shockingly exposed again by Sullivan are not public actions to be publicly chastised or condoned, or even forgiven in this mass whimsical fashion.... Only God can judge, not a popularity contest in which a public will vote against sin or for sin or whatever way Sullivan wishes to approach the matter for the sake of the program.... No matter what the vote of his audience might be, it cannot justify Sullivan throwing the first, nor the last stone...

This admirable statement was quoted in the New York *Journal-American* TV volumn of Jack O'Brian, who loathes Sullivan as only one Irishman can loathe another. It helped inspire the typical Sullivan weasel: "The public voted 50-50." Ingrid Bergman was an especially ill-chosen Sullivan victim because she was always a Hollywood phenomenon: a truly moral woman who actually believed in love.

Winchell. By contrast, there is Walter Winchell, who created the modern general gossip column (but certainly not gossip, or the invasion of the American citizen's privacy). His recent return to action, after a vacation filled in by Mortimer, showed again what a professional of honor can do. Part of his strength comes from the fact that over the years he has given the timely hurrah to thousands of struggling members of show business when they needed it badly. He is known for never asking for any return for such notices; he often does not remember the talented people he has helped. He has no designs on the beautiful females among them. These people, many now famous, remember.

Winchell's gossip frequently exhibits the mark of a gentleman and a magnanimous man. When Louella Parsons was crowing that Rita Hayworth had become pregnant before her marriage to the Aly Khan, Winchell commented: "Gents'-room jourtunately not noticed his decency in such matters.

Winchell's political sense, a sadder story, is bounded by his past admirations for the mob executive, Frank Costello, and Joe McCarthy, Sherman Billingsley and (the only one still in favor) J. Edgar Hoover. These smooth, tough gentlemen have impressed him the way Davy Crockett awes a small boy. He is of course on the Eisenhower bandwagon, but it should be remembered that he loved the elder Roosevelt and has never betrayed the great cripple.

He is about to take on a TV show. As usual, he is full of ideas, most of which NBC has turned down. But it will be a good show and might even put Sullivan off the air.

Lee Mortimer. Winchell's understudy is a limp and exhausted wraith seen only in a night-club haze, slumped over a table in an aristocratic droop. Despite his name, Lee is not a member of the great, extinct English house of Mortimer, whose name meant Sea Death. His own best gossip columns made the important discovery that a whole column about one trivial light woman might be more interesting than twenty items about twenty light women. These pieces about people named Candy Rococo seemed to promise something. However, under Mortimer, they died.

As Winchell's replacement, he unconsciously tried to destroy Winchell's livelihood by parading his own weariness with it. Thus: "Not Much of This and Absolutely Nothing of That"; "Was that whosis with so-and-so? (Only asking, I don't care.)"; "Last Week's Hot Nothings This Week"; "Little of This, Much Less of That"; "Times Square Trivia (And is it trivial!)"; "Little of That, Less of Nothing"; "Today's (or maybe it was yesterday's) John Jacob Astor item"; "I don't believe this item either but it fills space."

He has not been himself since the death of Jack Lait (the late Lait Show) who collaborated with him on the "Confidential" books based on information assembled from such reliable sources as deteriorated whores and cashiered cops. When I meet so much slander and hate, I want to know what the authors defend and love. Jack Lait, in a column in the New York *Mirror* of June 21, 1952, defended what he and Mortimer loved:

> Though he is a rascal, I get a twinge in my heart.... For I knew him long and well, during his big days, when he was the boss of Atlantic City, the supreme monarch in a glamorous domain. They broke him, the only big shot who was sent to the penitentiary by the New Dealers. [This term is invective.] Of course he was a Republican. He lived like an emperor.... He was a millionaire and spent like one. He gave to established charities as well as bums and hustlers, and he entertained in a fabulous three-story night club he had set up for a famous favorite.... Johnson had a unique understanding with the gangsters of the nation.... Guns were checked, feuds were suspended, murderous deals were made—but to be consummated elsewhere....

The love object is Enoch ("Nucky") Johnson of Atlantic City, whose money came mostly from houses of prostitution. He frequently, while sitting at the table with ladies, imperially micturated without moving from his place. He gloried in cruelty and scatology.

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Of good old Nucky, Lait finishes: "And now he is broke and broken, and if he wanders beside the surf with the loyal woman who married him when he was in his declension, only a handful of the aging faithful raise their hats to this toppled ruler. . . ." Boo-hoo.

As late as August 29, 1956, Mortimer's column awoke an echo of the beloved old Philadelphia-Atlantic City midway with a salute to the night-club man who later married the "favorite," unnecessarily referred to by Lait, thus: "The most distinguished host on earth is Philly's 'Smiling' Jack Lynch. . . ." The title itself means nothing: Mortimer bestows it liberally on those douzepers of the night, Julie Podell of the Copacabana, Lou Walters of the Latin Quarter, etc., etc. The interest here is in where the bodies are buried and Mortimer's heart lies. Sea Death comes home appropriately to Atlantic City, so like the Norman coast where the name originated.

Sylvester. Bob Sylvester, along with Leonard Lyons and Frank Farrell, represents a new sort of columnist. Sylvester, the most interesting to me, is as refreshing as the New York *Post's* sportswriter, Jimmy Cannon. He is the New York *News'* hidden ace, along with the similar McHarry, in case of Sullivan's final desuetude.

Lyons. Leonard Lyons is clever and readable; I am sorry I do not like him better since he is at least a Democrat. His fellow-customers at Toots Shor's and Lindy's ought to be amusing; they are journalists, comedians and ballplayers. A recent column about a conversation among Hemingway, Jackie Gleason and somebody else was meant to make a hero of Hemingway and was only embarrassing. Apparently a column about saloon life can make heroes of ballplayers but not of writers. Lyons gives one the feeling of a bright New York high school boy amazing his English teacher. His fault is the opposite of Mortimer's. He is too sincere. Describing his world of hardened extroverts, he turns them all into introverts. They all prove to have souls and heavily oxidized ironies. The amorphous society that Winchell evokes does not take shape in Lyons.

So much for the gossips; now what of their subjects?

The most dramatic subjects are handsome young women whose pictures are on file in every American newspaper office. Yet it should be noted that the girls and women of show business probably have less sex life than the normal woman of thirty-five. Since they tend to exaggerate the importance of their favors, they are more moral than office girls. Hence most of the supposed sex life in the columns is strictly imaginary. Very sad, but very true.

Linda Christian has given us a serial story of some interest: the nude statue of herself given to her husband; the divorce; the gift of jewels by a playboy who hadn't paid for them; the fine settlement out of court; and now a canvassing of the English talent. Bobo Rockefeller, by doing the mambo in the right places, moved in on, and out from, the most amiable member of a millionaire family. For men who can afford it, it must be a pleasant sport to make famous their taste in women. The Texan, Sheppard, made his name with an Egyptian belly-dancer.

Grateful as we must be for these little stories, they are too ephemeral and lead to the question: "Whatever became of. . . .?" What is wanted are stories in which the bride and groom are both somebody, preferably not too rich. The Miller-Monroe wedding and the Monaco wedding seem to me honorable examples of such stories.

The current fashion is to regard anyone with an astounding mammary development as of intense news interest. Russell, Dagmar, Lollobrigida, Diana Dor, Jayne Mansfield, etc. come and go, and some have talent. Jayne Mansfield is a natural. She has a bust and a wrestler and the public is terrified to think what would happen if they met. The wrestler was publicized as a coward; but the bust is not.

The beautiful girls lose some of their drama when they marry; they regain it at the divorce.

The useful men are mostly young actors or hopelessly neurotic middle-aged ones. Most genuinely famous men are too old, rich or well-married to be tampered with by gossip columnists. A fascinating man like Arthur Vining Davis can well defend himself. Apart from a few youths who inherited fame and wealth, the non-acting Romeos of the columns are generally faceless, identified as related to somebody else who is known. The ones with faces—Tommy Manville, John Jacob Astor, George Jessel, Billy Rose—are far from satisfactory either.

The great reliable geniuses at living like John Barrymore, Sr., Tallulah Bankhead, Marlene Dietrich, endow the press with a hundred million dollars worth of public interest. The press is bankrupted when a John Barrymore dies. If it made any collective sense, it would have subsidized Barrymore and propped him up for a few more years, a few more editions. America has fewer and fewer of these figures who have given great energy to engraving themselves indelibly on the public mind.

As the great and gaudy characters have faded from the American scene, the gossip columnists have had to find somebody else whom they could honestly regard as the most fascinating people in America. They now and then betray their newest discovery. It is themselves.

The Wrong Is Mixed

Can cockcrow fix a landscape?
Morning anywhere in the world.
Country nostalgias. Here is
Season of spiders, webs before wind.
Blue air curved yellow with fruit,
Green disintegrates: decomposition
Is peaceful. Dove wings rising
Clap an applause of peace.
At early crow, light's a long level.

We hear that the world will end;
What heart believes it? We hear of
Beginningless and endless universe;
What mind imagines it? And if
We are unwebbed and the wind comes
That blows the world away, betrayed
From green for the last time—cockcrow
Must cry up that tearing air like
Memory of the morning of the world.

Here on water, one scarlet leaf for love.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Russia Through the Looking Glass

HOW THE SOVIET SYSTEM WORKS. By Raymond A. Bauer, Alex Inkeles, and Clyde Kluckhohn. Harvard University Press. $4.75.

By Frederick L. Schuman

SUPPOSE you were a social scientist from Mars. Suppose you wanted to know about the United States but, for reasons beyond your control, had never set foot in America and were unable so to do. Suppose you decided, as a second-best device, to interview Communists deported from America along with voluntary exiles, renegades, émigres, heretics, and traitors. Suppose you then undertook to describe contemporary America. The result would probably resemble reality as little as the account in this volume, issued with much fanfare, resembles contemporary Soviet society.

This is a pity, all the more deplorable since the enterprise, in its time, made sense. The people engaged in it are among the best of American social scientists. Their honesty of purpose and keenness of judgment are beyond question. The sad fact remains that in 1956 the way to find out how the Soviet system works is to go and look at it. This procedure was not available to the researchers whose findings are summarized in these pages, for they labored in the era of "Cold Wars" and "Iron Curtains" when American scholars were barred from visiting the USSR by Moscow or Washington or both.

What we have here, following a score of other books (many of them highly informative) with more to come, is the academic offspring of U. S. Air Force Contract No. 33(038)-12909 with Maxwell Air Base, the Human Resources Research Institute, Harvard's Russian Research Center, and the "Harvard Project on the Soviet Social System." The data are derived from questionnaires and interviews with some 3,000 escapees and displaced persons, all of whom were outside the USSR after 1940, plus a few of post-1950 vintage.

The insights thus gained are illuminating and well worth reading as a commentary on some aspects of Soviet life, as remembered after a decade, by those who fled from, or refused to return to, Stalin's despotism. But to present the findings as an account of Soviet society today is a travesty. The authors, to be sure, explain on every other page that what they are saying is based on the recollections of people who sought freedom abroad long ago. Yet their constant use of the present tense and the very title of the book convey the impression that they are depicting the USSR now.

It is simply untrue, in 1956, that "the Soviet system allows a man to know only enough to do his job" (jacket blurb); that "collegial rule in the USSR, assuming that it is really operating in fact and not in form" is illusory and transitory (p. 21); that "there is little official prestige attached to, or support for, any activity, including those which are scientific or scholarly, that is not actually or potentially instrumental to the requirements of the state" (p. 47); that "the material conditions of the Soviet population have not improved appreciably since the late '30's" (p. 103); that "the re-

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Love Among the Ruins

One time I was invited to see Croce.
Scylla and Charybdis lay between. In Sicily
The sky is blue over Taormina, flagrant
And dependable as a Greek statue.

The old columns were still taking the air.
It was a green, ethereal world, white Etna
Increasing the ponderable, inevitable nature
Of arcane spiritual adventure.

Over the sea Croce stared upon experience.
Insinuated within the discourse of events
A goddess appeared upon the stage declaiming.
She had ravishment, and sorcery, and authority.

Love was then the old bedevilment
Of soul and sense; of fictions and mountains; of
Blue, green, and of imperious whiteness.
Croce sat reading a book in Naples.

I swore to the gleaming gods of Hellas,
To the gloomy gods of America, and to these
Columnar shades above the turbulent waters
That I would search the white face of Etna.

I took my ease where the meanings meander
In crucial zones of mystery, where fire and ice
Commingle and life and death are one
And never went to see Croce in Italy.

RICHARD EBERHART

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gime has created a system which runs counter to the basic propensities of the Russian character" (p. 141); that "Leites was right in insisting that genuine agreement with the West would be inconceivable to the Politburo" (p. 167); that present rulers "lack the human qualities which western people value" (p. 170); that the peasants were "most frustrated by Nazi failure to break up the collective farms" (p. 183); that "the collective farm system has been the least successful of Soviet productive institutions" (p. 185); etc. *ad infinitum ad absurdum.*

All of this, and much else here, is nonsense, as any observant visitor to the USSR can readily perceive within the first few days of his sojourn. To forgive one's enemies or to love one's enemies is inadmissable in *Realpolitik.* But to be ignorant of one's enemies is disastrous. My advice to these conscientious researchers is: Go have a look. Alex Inkeles is now doing so. The next volume in these studies should be better.

Hemlock and Piltdown

ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES. By Angus Wilson. The Viking Press. $4.50.

By William Bittner

ANGUS WILSON has been compared to nearly every other modern British satirist; but even though his novels have a delightful bite and penetrate more deeply than anything since *Point Counter Point,* I find them more like the best work of that old sentimentalist, Charles Dickens. The variety of his characters, just close enough to being types that they can be given names suggesting their crochets, the aptness and charm of his exposition, the interlinked plots and sub-plots convoluted with evil deeds that come home to roost like pigeons, suggest *Great Expectations. Hemlock and After,* Wilson's first novel, lacks the Dickensian mystery; but *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* has it and more. Although the mystery seems to be solved, it is really as obscured in the end as it was at the beginning.

As in every such comparison, Wilson's differences from Dickens exceed the resemblances. He is a critic of a different age. In place of sentimentality he has put cynicism; but both attitudes evade facing the problem outright. Dickens wished to reform by exposing social conditions, and he believed in the cleansing power of affection, kindliness and good humor. Wilson reveals the shoddiness behind what society considers virtues and the shams of the virtuous; his worst villains are the cozy, comfy people Dickens loved. The upshot is that for our age, at least, Dickens becomes a soporific, while Wilson gives us a jolt.

A former official of the British Museum, where he apparently paid as much attention to the people in the Reading Room as he did to the books, Angus Wilson wrote his first short story in 1946. His two collections, *Such Darling Dodos* and *The Wrong Set,* contain flawless, brilliant short stories. His first novel, *Hemlock and After,* leaves a bitter taste but became famous; in the British Council pamphlet "The Novel Today," Walter Allen says, "As an exposure of the kind of underworld and its inhabitants produced by the English legal attitude toward homosexuality it is brilliantly terrifying." He finds, however, that the book slides toward caricature rather than convincing symbolic representation of the actual.

The central figure is Bernard Sands, a novelist of Shavian celebrity who, it seems to me, represents the active intellectual of the between-the-wars era. Having lost faith in political action, he has wheedled state and university support for a colony of writers to be housed in a mansion rejected by the National Trust and governed by the writers themselves. Sands has become vulnerable, however, for yielding to his homosexual proclivities, and the last we hear of his project the civil servants have taken control and are debilitating it with economy drives. The dedication ceremony was the turning point. Intended to be Sands' greatest triumph, it worked up instead to a hilarious but disastrous orgy, during which the polite visitors sipped tea and pretended not to notice.

A SIMILAR melee marks the climax of *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes,* a book in which the collapsing English class structure is poked at as the building inspector does a house riddled by termites. The middle class politely looks the other way while Teddy Boys cavort, highbrows bumble, scholars pursue their hobbies instead of their learning, and the spivs walk out with the family jewels. Only those whose intellectual honesty impels them past the distractions of sentiment emerge from the debacle—one character in each novel.

It should be evident by now to everyone who has read Paul Johnson's account* of the spiv revolution against the genteel left that Wilson is an impartial observer of that conflict. He exposes the vulgarity and callowness of the young in relentless detail; and before the mature liberals have stopped laughing he has their blemishes on display. He gives the tory attitude all the respect a corpse deserves, and he pokes fun at the welfare state much as did the old *Punch* cartoon in which the coster's wife says, "when the Labour Government gits in, we're all to be equal, an' then I shall 'ave a servant to do me work for me." Puritanically he demonstrates in a variety of highly readable incidents that where weakness is, evil will enter like caries in a tooth.

The mystery that binds together the plots of *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* makes it a much more amusing and effective novel than the earlier one. Gerald Middleton, an emeritus professor of early medieval history, has carried on his conscience for thirty-five years the drunken confidence of an irresponsible litterateur, Gilbert Stokesay, that he had faked his father's most famous archeological

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* "Britain's New Right: Search for the Upper 'U'" in *The Nation* of September 1, 1956.

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find by placing a fertility idol from another excavation in the tomb of an Anglo-Saxon bishop.

After a long investigation, hampered by the survivors' loyalty to Professor Stokesay, Middleton acquires documentary evidence that Stokesay had learned of the fraud and that the cleric's property on which the tomb was found had paid blackmail to his servants for years. The irony is screwed in another turn, however. Gilbert's purpose—to embarrass his father—and the servants' —to blackmail the canon—were served, whether they had actually planted the idol in the tomb or only pretended to do so. Thus even doubt is uncertain, and all our happy pretenses, our Anglo-Saxon attitudes (See *Through the Looking-Glass* and *Patience*) crumble like . . . well, like the English class system.

FOR all its unpleasant observations, *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* is a book one can take fiendish great pleasure in reading. A good many of the characters resemble those in *Hemlock and After* in the same way that the rôles in one Alec Guinness film are like those in another, but every one of them is an articulate human being (even the old rascal of a coachman who has had a stroke and cannot talk), conniving and brazening through when found out. Wilson knows the quirks of scholars as a British Museum man naturally would, and he provides great fun for anyone with the slightest acquaintance in learned societies. I suppose it really is an adverse criticism to say that I recognized in every one of his academicians someone I know, not from London, but from the American university where I studied Anglo-Saxon; but adverse or not, it makes piquant reading.

Angus Wilson is apparently evolving from mastery of the short story to mastery of the novel. The shorter form lets him stop before his characters become caricatures and before he needs to involve sub-plots to fill out what would otherwise be a bare and implausible narrative. There is a great deal more hope that he will develop where Dickens did not, unless he makes the same mistake of carrying his faults to extremes merely because they are applauded. Sentimentality was the escape of the nineteenth century, and cynicism is the method by which the twentieth avoids its responsibilities. Wit is without sympathy for motives and merely exposes the awful gap between aspiration and achievement; humor, for all that it deflates pretension and identifies folly, expresses affection for humanity. In itself, humor is a potent weapon against the evil that the intellectuals of the left (essentially humorless people) could not cope with in Britain. At present Angus Wilson exercises both humor and wit, and his new novel is more humorous than the preceding one.

The Face of Labor

WHEN LABOR VOTES: A STUDY OF AUTO WORKERS. By Arthur Kornhauser, Harold L. Sheppard and Albert J. Mayer. University Books. $5.00.

NINE LIVES FOR LABOR. By Richard Kelly. Frederick A. Praeger. $3.00.

LABOR'S UNTOLD STORY. By Richard O. Boyer and Herbert M. Morais. Cameron Associates. $4.75.

AMERICAN LABOR STRUGGLES. By Samuel Yellen. S. A. Russell. $5.00.

LABOR ON THE MARCH. By Edward Levinson. University Books. $3.50.

By Harvey O'Connor

IN THIS election year, when Republican pollsters have so happily discovered that a majority of workers like Ike, a careful analysis of the Detroit auto workers' voting preferences in 1952 may prove distasteful to the Cadillac trade. The three Wayne University social scientists who conducted the study described in *When Labor Votes* under a grant from the United Auto Workers (AFL-CIO) did not confine themselves to asking union people how they voted — something already known to anyone scanning a precinct-by-precinct tabulation of the Detroit returns. Instead they tried to find out why unionists voted as they did. The probe went even deeper—how do union members feel toward their union, toward business; what differences in political beliefs are there among high-, medium- and low-paid workers, between men and women, between active and passive unionists. Authoritarian attitudes, social alienation and race prejudices were also canvassed.

A CENTRAL conclusion of this survey is that, although auto workers are becoming more "middle-class" in economic position, allegiance to the UAW is unimpaired. Their unionism extends beyond the simple job concerns so beloved of some academic theorists; their distrust of "business" belies the much-preached doctrines of basic harmony between labor and management and "dual allegiance" to both union and boss. The most loyal unionists tend to be the more skilled workers, the better educated, the younger, the Negroes; Catholics rate high among those most active politically. The surveyors found a disturbingly high "authoritarian" attitude; distrust of their fellow-men (social alienation) was marked among non-voters and Eisenhower supporters.

Social and economic gains of auto workers do not warrant the assumption, Messrs. Kornhauser, Mayer and Sheppard find, that more money means more contentment and more conservatism. Instead a key question is the relation between economic position and what workers want and expect. The authors conclude that " . . . members of a vigorous, politically aroused and relatively democratic labor organization which they believe works in their interests, do not, even in a period of great prosperity, swing to a 'middle class' ideology." (The survey was completed before the present sharp recession in auto employment.)

Nevertheless auto workers do not "glow" with political fervor any more than other segments in our society. Even the advanced educational political program of UAW

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"fails to stir workers beyond rather passive and superficial acceptance of the immediate political job to be done." Labor's political aims seem largely negative, trying "to keep things from being worse (war, depression, weakening of unions, for example) but rarely do the responses reveal a positive spirit of pride or adventure or 'mission' in what labor is doing, rarely any sense of dedication to helping build a new world."

This survey, the most searching yet published on union members' attitudes, indicates why labor is now on dead center. "Our query," as the social scientists put it, "is whether there are reservoirs of potential crusading spirit and devotion to social justice and human rights that may give new life to labor's political role in the years ahead."

BACK in the 1930s, when CIO was being built, there were such reservoirs. Richard Kelly, in vignettes of nine organizers, pays touching tribute to the devotion and heroism of these Jimmy Higginses. None of his characters attained high acclaim, even in the world of labor, but it was through the unending zeal of such men and women that the Textile Workers Union (CIO) brought some measure of democracy to the cotton and woolen mills. New England, Philadelphia and the Piedmont furnish the locale for these stories of struggle, so many of which ended in defeat. Sometimes punch-drunk, Kelly's unionists came back swinging time and again; none died in despair.

While it can hardly be said that U. S. labor history is an "untold story," nevertheless the authors of *Labor's Untold Story* have assembled vivid episodic sketches of leading labor conflicts since the Civil War. Unfortunately their doctrinaire approach to recent events adds nothing to an understanding of current trends in the union movement.

Re-publication of two classics in the labor library, Samuel Yellen's *American Labor Struggles* and Edward Levinson's *Labor on the March,* attests the continuing public interest in unionism. Yellen's book, first published in 1936, sketches decisive conflicts from the railroad strikes of 1877 through to the San Francisco longshoremen's strike of 1934. The writing is sharp and compelling. Levinson's is the best account yet written of the founding of the CIO in 1934-37. The new edition contains an introduction by UAW President Walter P. Reuther.

ART

A. L. Chanin

Paris

THE special array of spring-to-fall exhibitions with which Paris supplements the staggering treasures of its museums can give tourists with an eye for pictures a severe case of art indigestion. This year the following are on view: Italian primitives, assembled from French provincial museums; a gala selection of impressionist masterpieces from the temporarily closed Jeu de Paume Museum; a large and fine Pissarro exhibition; an international sculpture presentation; and memorial retrospectives honoring Henri Matisse and Fernand Leger. All these, and the Louvre, too!

The Matisse and Leger retrospectives are of outstanding importance in evaluating the art of our time. And one fascinating aspect of the two exhibitions is the wide differences between them. Matisse's art stemmed from the closing phases of the last century, chiefly post-impressionism. Through Fauvism, he initiated the first of the twentieth century's successions of art revolutions. Leger, on the other hand, began from the cubist base, an art style belonging wholly to our time. Matisse's trail-blazing innovations — radiant, unorthodox color combinations, strikingly simplified drawing, a wealth of fresh compositional devices—made his name a synonym for master for half a century. Leger, however, was to many merely one of a number of cubist names. Not until the last decade did his originality and vitality receive wide recognition. His first major retrospective was held in France only in 1949, when the artist was 68, and America did not see a similar full scale exhibition until 1953.

A painting speaks first through color. Matisse's color is suave, gleaming, lustrous—as a colorist, he is without peer among his contemporaries. Leger's colors are deliberately almost harsh and flat and postery — lacking alluring strokes and delicate nuances. Matisse weaves elaborate, sinuous, exotic patterns, rhythms, and lines. Leger's forms are stolid, his line brusque and sharp. Matisse is flashing, sketchy, opulent; Leger ponderously calm, classically poised. The odalesques, still lifes, interiors and landscapes of Matisse give outward form to his inner creed of an art of serenity and balance. "The work of art should be," he wrote, "a cerebral sedative, rather like a comforting chair. . . ." Leger's subjects are also merely pretexts for the true subject of his art—yet his portrayals of modern objects and figures like the workers on girders, and mechanics, are more directly linked to his true theme: the inner rhythms and bold stir of the machine age; or, to use the title of his 1924 film, *A Ballet Mecanique.* "For me," he declared, "the human form . . .

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has no more importance than keys or bicycles. . . . These are for me objects of plastic value to be used as I wish. . . ." "But, I have used the machine as others have used the nude or the still life. . . . I was never interested in copying the machine. I invented images of machines. . . ."

Thus, Matisse's "cerebral sedative" requires his beguiling, ravishing harmonies; and Leger's love of precision and dynamism means units, forms and colors of austere clarity and self-effacing, poster-like smoothness—strong medicine for the eye seeking lush beauty. One painter offers the colors of the bouquet, the sparkle of light, and the appeal of oriental intensity; the other, the eye appeal of the poster, the bold bang of Jazz, the whirr of the machine. As Matisse may turn out to be the great traditional romantic, offering an antidote to a robust, steel age, Leger may epitomize the uncompromising interpreter—and equally a romantic—of a more authentic, characteristic image of our brave new world.

WITH its close to a hundred paintings, the Matisse exhibition is choice, but hardly definitive. It begins with an academic, sound copy of the Louvre's portrait of Balthazar Castiglione, by Raphael, painted when Matisse was 26, some ten years before he was to be accused by scandalized critics of drawing like a child. In the same year, Matisse began to evolve his personal style, shown in an adjoining still life. The exhibition then ranges through his finest periods and ends with a lyric gouache of 1954. (Incidentally, one of the most brilliant still lifes comes from Picasso's collection.) But only a token representation of his important sculpture is shown, and little of his flowing drawings. In any case, a conclusive summing up is impossible, because the great Mattisse group at the Barnes Foundation, outside Philadelphia, cannot, presumably, ever be lent to exhibitors. This restriction, plus the absence of the exceptional collection from Moscow's Museum of Modern Art, would make any one Matisse exhibition incomplete.

The Leger presentation is quite definitive—in fact, almost the only major example not included is the Museum of Modern Art's *Three Nudes* of 1921. Beginning with an impressionist landscape of 1905, the exhibition traces Leger's development with more than 150 paintings, and a number of fine drawings. His personal, cubist-derived style emerges about 1910; his vision of a machine esthetic reaches a climax just before the 20's; during the 30's appear his bold, curvilinear lyric compositions; and finally in the postwar decade he produced the large canvases of workers constructing, groups on picnics, and the last major group — dazzling ensembles of forthright colors — panoramic paintings of circus themes.

What lingers in the mind after these two exhibitions? If one can judge with an aloof eye, Matisse is by far the more gifted painter. But something in Leger catches the image and mood of our time so bluntly that he looms larger and larger as a poet of his world. Studied from this point of view, Leger's seemingly cold compositions are consummate transcriptions, profound inventions, uncompromising in their adherence to a bold point of view. I would not be surprised if Leger continued to grow in esteem and to rank, eventually, closer to Matisse.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

"MANY talented personalities dwellin' inside the walls of this city," an owlish character in Odets' play *Paradise Lost* sententiously proclaims. One might go further and say that our town is literally crawling with talent. It comes to New York from all over; but New York, like the rest of the country, hasn't the means—I don't mean money—to employ it all or to employ it properly. Both the obscure and the famous are somehow ill-used.

We see Colleen Dewhurst, an actress of great potential force, playing Shakespeare's Shrew in a free theatre on an East River barge, or appearing at the Cherry Lane Theatre as Marguerite Gautier in *The Lady of the Camellias*—which, its French author once remarked, some idiot had renamed *Camille*, a man's name in France.

Miss Dewhurst, though young, is not a conventional ingenue, nor is she yet ready or altogether right for such a role as that in *The Lady of the Camellias*, a play that must be produced superbly or not at all. Hence, while Miss Dewhurst is accorded a cordial press and her promise saluted, she awaits the hazard of our absurdly anarchic theatre world to make something sound of the quality which has presumably won her recognition.

More valuable is the reading of Sean O'Casey's autobiographical *Pictures in the Hallway* (at the Playhouse), adapted by Paul Shyre, another youngster in the theatre. In this case, we get the succulent substance of Sean O'Casey's prose. Even the skeptical acknowledge O'Casey to be something of a genius, but his plays are rarely given in circumstances that befit them.

The material is ruggedly melodious, as is all of O'Casey's work, and the adapter has reduced some of the excesses which sometimes mar it. What is most interesting in this section of the autobiographical series is the insight it gives us into the living sources from which O'Casey produced his first stirring plays, as well as the later *Red Roses for Me*.

It is a first-rate dramatic reading and everyone concerned in it—the director and his six actors—merit our applause. All are quite young, save the admirable Aline MacMahon whom we see too infrequently.

AS FOR the triumphant, adored and adorable Judy Garland (RKO Palace), she is in the grand line of those American singing-actresses—Helen Morgan, Fannie Brice to name but two—whose talent is so close to the great masses of their countrymen that they are at once hugely

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successful and never developed to their fullest extent.

Everything about Judy Garland touches me. When she appeared here in 1951 I became somewhat irritated by little admixtures of salesmanship—her management must have called them showmanship—which tainted the essential purity of her performance. Her present program (subject to slight changes at every appearance) seems to me more direct in presentation. It contains fewer of the songs in which I believe she most excels: the heartbreaking ones.

Miss Garland's singing is technically consummate, but what she brings to it goes beyond skill. On the surface there is a kind of contented show girl geniality. When I saw Miss Garland while she was still a kid in a silly football movie, I was struck chiefly by the impassioned energy of her delivery. To this the years have added profoundly pathetic elements.

She is professionally *bound* to be "happy." The free and easy style which she mentions in song is more akin to frenzy. She is wholly feminine in a robust and at the same time melting sense, but to put herself over she feels constrained to behave a little boyishly. She has the freedom of spirit of the old time troupers (or troubadors), but to fit our up-to-date entertainment business she allows herself to be slightly "industrialized." (This does not happen to Edith Piaf, because in an expensive Parisian night club she is permitted to remain the same tragic gamin that she had been on the public square.) Miss Garland escapes this "industrialization" with a humorous cuteness, but the marks of pain it has caused her are evident in her every glance.

Her songs are often slushily emotional—that is, empty of specific feeling—but she informs them with the anguished lyricism of a heavily-laden personal experience. She is at bottom a sort of early twentieth century country kid, but the marks of the big city wounds of our day are upon her. Her poetry is not only in the things she has survived, but in a violent need to pour them forth in vivid popular form, which makes her the very epitome of the theatrical personality. The tension between the unctiously bright slickness which is expected of her medium and environment and the fierceness of what her being wants to cry out produces something positively orgastic in the final effect.

In Helen Morgan we beheld the body and soul of a true woman slowly expiring in a world too tough for her, in Fannie Brice that woman shrewdly foregoing her major gifts. In Judy we witness the inspiring bravery of a woman expressing her realest self though everything seems to conspire to seal her mouth with the commercial smile of show business.

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

IN HIS FIRST season as director of the New York City Opera Company Erich Leinsdorf has put into effect carefully thought-out decisions about repertory and production. Some of the thinking is sensible, some of it questionable; and this is true also of the decisions. In determining the repertory he considered what it should include and what would interest the public: thus, it should include the classics of the operatic literature, and to the part of the public that is interested only in them he decided to offer *Rigoletto, La Traviata, Mignon, Carmen* and *La Bohême*. It should also include contemporary achievement, and to the part of the public interested in this he decided to offer American premieres of Frank Martin's *The Tempest* and Carl Orff's *The Moon*, the latter in a double bill with Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du soldat*, and the New York premiere of an American work, Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah*. And concerning this the question is merely whether there is actually a large enough public interested in contemporary achievement, and whether the works Leinsdorf selected deserve its attention: the performances and attendance figures will show whether he was right, as one hopes he was.

But stronger doubts are aroused by Leinsdorf's third category of works for production. The company, he decided, would not concern itself with "grand opera—either the works or the style—but rather theatre opera, comic opera, light opera"; and he selected Johann Strauss' *Die Fledermaus* and Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld* as the light operas to produce for the part of the public interested in this genre. And I question both the thinking and the decision. By grand opera Leinsdorf means spectacular works like *Aïda*, for which the company lacks the stage resources; by light opera he means operetta or what we more often call musical comedy; but what he means by comic opera—whether operatic comedy like Mozart's *Figaro* or Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, or French *opéra comique* like *Carmen*, or operetta or musical comedy like *Die Fledermaus* or *Show Boat*—is not clear; nor is it clear what he means by theatre opera as against the other types he mentions, all of which would seem to me to be theatre forms. The actual distinctions

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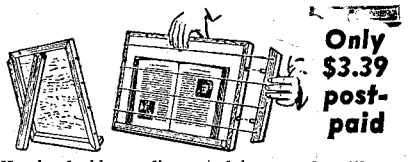

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are between grand opera, in which—in *La Traviata* as in *Aïda*—the entire text is set to music, and *opéra comique,* in which some of it is spoken; and between these two, which are the proper concern of an opera company, and operetta or musical comedy, which is not. In other words I don't think it is the business of an American opera company that produces *La Traviata* and *Carmen* to produce *Naughty Marietta* or *Show Boat* or *Girl Crazy* or *Guys and Dolls;* and it is even less its business to produce foreign examples of the genre like *Die Fledermaus* and *Orpheus in the Underworld.* I thought this when I read Leinsdorf's advance announcement of these two works; and the performance of *Orpheus* on the opening night confirmed me in my opinion.

One can understand the temptation to produce *Orpheus*: the musical score is delightful. And if the music were all, Leinsdorf's decision to produce it would be justified by his beautiful realization of the score: the lightness and grace he imparted to the music with his pacing and articulation of it; the fine-sounding playing he secured from the orchestra; the precise integration of this playing with the singing, some of which—by Sylvia Stahlman, Jon Crain, Beverly Bower—was excellent. But the music is not all: there are the happenings on the stage, concerned with the involvements of mortals and gods in marital infidelities and sexual promiscuities; and whatever their effect in the original French for a French audience, I doubt that any English version would prove less tedious than Eric Bentley's. It is true that the City Center audience found it highly amusing; but Virgil Thomson once commented on the low laughing point of the opera audience; and all this particular audience needed to make it laugh was any statement about a bed, any interpolated allusion to the present-day American scene, any American colloquialism (it was interesting to observe at one point that while the audience was laughing at a couple of lines which rhymed "pecadillo" with "Petrillo" not one of the musicians in the orchestra as much as smiled). Conceivably a cast of musical comedy stars might make the occasion entertaining with their powers of presence and style and projection in this genre, as in fact Paula Laurence did whenever she was on the stage; but except for Hiram Sherman, who was less successful in overcoming the handicaps of his part, the rest of the cast was opera singers. As opera singers go they were good actors, and they were directed intelligently by Leo Kerz on his handsome and effective permanent set; but all this was not enough.

A PERFORMANCE of *La Traviata* stands or falls by its Violetta; and the one in Angel 3545 falls by the singing of Antoinetta Stella, whose voice much of the time is thin, cold, sharp and tremulous. The other principals of the Milan Scala performance are di Stefano and Gobbi, with Serafin conducting.

Angel 3549 offers the exquisitely wrought Piccola Scala performance of Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto* conducted by Nino Sanzogno, with excellent singing by Graziella Sciutti, Eugenia Ratti, Ebe Stignani, Luigi Alva, Franco Calabrese and Carlo Badioli. The music charms one at first; but being unvarying in its charm it forfeits one's interest after a time. Angel also has put on one record, 35382, excerpts from the complete recording of *Lucia di Lammermoor* in which Callas does some of her impressive singing.

London LL-1354, a third operatic recital by Tebaldi, is made interesting by her performances of three pieces: the *"Porgi amor"* and *"Dove sono"* from *Figaro* and the remarkably beautiful *"Selva opaca"* from *William Tell.* One of the things that is interesting is the simple, direct, unaffected phrasing in the Mozart arias; another is the change in the singing—the increase not only in emotional warmth but in the beauty of the voice itself—in the Rossini aria in which Tebaldi evidently feels more at home than in Mozart. Interesting, too, is the fact revealed at the end of *"Dove sono"* (and revealed previously in the Jewel Song from *Faust* on the first recital record)—that Tebaldi cannot trill. The other pieces on the record are by Mascagni, Cilea, Catalani and Refice.

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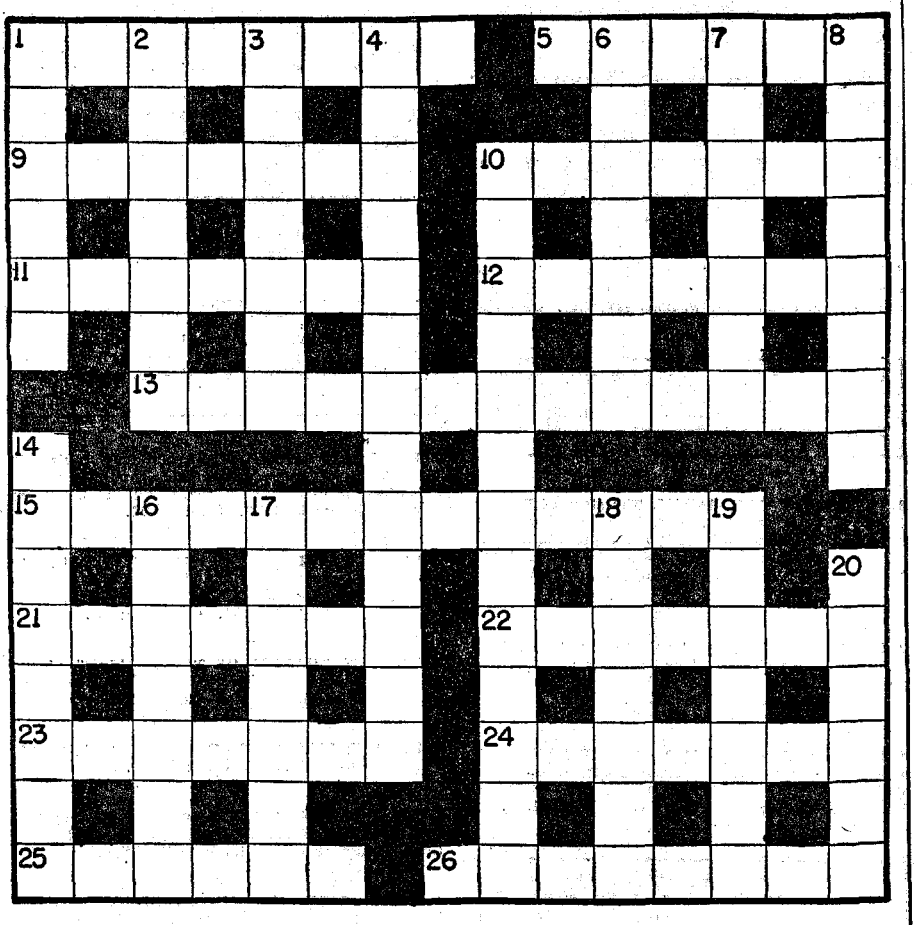
Crossword Puzzle No. 693

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The property of panacea displayed by a churchman about four. (8)
5 Is such a type not found on the stage? (6)
9 Obliged to be done when confused with a bun? (7)
10 Burdened, and more than slightly disturbed! (7)
11 This 12 is bound to be less than half. (7)
12 Troop, in part. (7)
13 Usually not set off by the regular entrance. (7, 6)
15 Don't tip the porter? (Mercy, it isn't here!) (4, 2, 7)
21 These people keep one on each side of the Lares, in a way. (7)
22 You might find it a time to counterfeit. (7)
23 Musical combo allowed to make poetry. (7)
24 This race is sometimes on the ball. (7)
25 Is a prosecuting official able to get to the country? (6)
26 An agreeable answer in a number should be precious. (8)

DOWN:

1 An artist, perhaps, is cut about twice! (6)
2 Disturbance at the plant? (7)
3 Walker, when young. (7)
4 What he holds certainly doesn't speak for itself. (13)
6 This reserve should be well noted. (7)
7 To get up feeling bad, and rise out of sorts about it, isn't the more sensible thing! (7)
8 Sits awkwardly when about to eat. (It might be the quality of certain sums.) (8)
10 All very upset, I make it supremely upset. (13)
14 Selfish. (8)
16 One side of the story. (7)
17 Want to get guided, or just teased? (7)
18 Gets confused when about to conquer pain. (7)
19 This town should have a very high rate of literacy! (7)
20 One way to get the rod this, is to fire it! (3, 3)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 692

ACROSS: 1 FLAMINGO; 5 SAPPED; 10 ENGINES; 11 ARGUING; 12 HONOR; 13 ITINERANT; 14 AGAIN; 16 GO-GETTER; 19 SOLECISM; 22 AORTA; 24 PIRATICAL; 26 ELAND; 28 SUPPLER; 29 ARMPITS; 30 SCAMPS; 31 ADENOIDS. DOWN: 1 FRESHMAN; 2 ARGON; 3 IGNORANCE; 4 GOSLING; 6 ANGLE; 7 PRIVATEER; 8 DIGITS; 9 TAPING; 15 APOCRYPHA; 17 TRADESMAN; 18 FADDISTS; 20 INCURS; 21 MALLARD; 23 SPASMS; 25 TULIP; 27 ALIBI.

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